

Tear Garden

"Empathy With The Devil"

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My flavor is the stuff of locusts. Hot chili firebrand
spitting volcano
teeth. Bleeding skies, sulphur mines... The foul breath
of Satan's favorite
gutter worm. You feel me when I'm close - an ice wind
of steel stilettos
hammered in your spine. Quicksilver nausea spinning,
spewing forth and
everything's a mess. every posession you ever had -
wrecked - lying at your
feet. Telegrams that tell you God is dead piled high on
the TV. The
incessant TV. Burbling. Distorted. A cheesecake nun
advertising 20 brands
of sea cow lemon shit in 60 different languages. A
gargoyle handjives for
the hard of hearing. Subliminals. Criminals. Phoney
buisnessmen in thick
rimmed glasses. Bad comedians. Laughing bags aping
the Hallelujah chorus -
the forgotton version - out of key (slightly). Just enough
to annoy you.
My flavor is cheap perfume on rotting Man-Ray
maggots! Dead maggots. My
flavor's a wound re-opening by surprise, green fishes
eyes flowing out.
Wriggling things. Gelatinous. Still alive and screaming -
out of key
(slightly). Just enough to annoy you. My flavor's a
plunging elevator a
millisecond before it hits the cellar. A cellar with
mutated rats. Old -
very old - lost teeth. Abortions. Garbage. So pungent it
hums - out of
key (slightly). Just enough to annoy you. My flavor's
your flavor. Deep
within you. Hidden. Waiting to get out...

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